



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He that hath no bridle on his tongue hath no grace in his heart.

To think kindly is well, to speak kindly is better, to act kindly is best.

Whatever we beg of God, let us also work for it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

With the generality of men policy is much more powerful than principle.

A secret is your slave so long as it is kept, but you are its slave the moment it is told.

Envy is a vice which keeps no holiday, but is always on the wheel, and working its own disquiet.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of his temperament.

He that will believe only what he can fully understand must have a very long head or a very short creed.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fiftieth trial.—*John Morley.*

I am glad when I see any one avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice itself were better.—*Ben Johnson.*

He who would acquire fame, must not show himself afraid of censure. The dread of censure is the death of genius.

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.

The man of enlightened understanding and persevering ardor has many sources of enjoyment which the ignorant man can not reach.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable; for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.—*Dean Swift.*

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out during his prosperity.—*La Bruyere.*

A morality based on religion is always liable to relapse into Antinomian quietism; for it is felt that the Supreme Being can not be injured by our frailty.—*Edith Simcox.*

The narrow-minded asked:—"Is this one of our tribe, or is he a stranger?" But to those who are of a noble disposition the whole world is but one family.—*Hinopadessa, (Hindu).*

Whenever you speak, watch yourself; repentance follows every word which gladdens no heart. Let every word which people sow in the road bloom in the luster of thy smiles.—*Persian.*

Idleness and luxury produce premature decay much faster than many trades that are regarded as the most fatal to longevity. Labor in general, instead of shortening the term of life, increases it. It is the lack of occupation that destroys so many.

Where no interest is taken in science, literature, and liberal pursuits, mere facts and insignificant criticisms necessarily become the themes of discourse; and minds, strangers alike to activity and meditation, become so limited as to render all intercourse with them at once tasteless and oppressive.—*Madame de Staël.*

## An Open Letter to the Seybert Commission.

"There are more things in heaven and earth Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission: My excuse for addressing you this open letter will be found in the communication itself. I read with pleasure your report, and as it corresponded in every respect with my preconceived opinions on the subject of Spiritualism, I enjoyed very much the undercurrent of sarcasm that runs through its well-worded pages, and yet I am afraid that

"Though it may make the unskillful laugh it can not but make the judicious grieve."

I fear me, gentlemen, that your wit has much impaired the candor of your report. I do not for one moment doubt either your honesty or your ability in the investigation, yet in the light of my own experience and the evidence of scores of good intelligent men and women who saw much more than I did, I can not but believe that your mission is not yet ended, and that your duty to the dead as well as the living is not yet fully performed.

Henry Seybert left a generous legacy to a most worthy institution and to mankind; and most faithfully should the conditions of his bequest be executed. I sincerely believe, gentlemen, that you desire to perform your duty in the sacred trust imposed upon you, and that you will faithfully continue to investigate until either a great truth is proclaimed to the world, or a great fraud exposed and held up to the deserved contempt and execration of mankind.

As I am to appear as a witness before you, it renders it necessary for me to give you some information of myself. I do this unwillingly, yet as I am a stranger to all of you it seems proper that you should know something of my antecedents, that you may better determine the weight of my evidence. In brief, then—I was educated a surgeon and physician; for a number of years I lectured on chemistry and physiology—read law and have practiced my profession nearly forty years. In 1853, while I was assistant-director of the machinery department in the New York Crystal Palace, I became intimately acquainted with Herr Anderson, the great magician. I assisted him with my knowledge of chemistry, electricity and magnetism in preparing some of his feats in magic, and in return I became an amateur pupil of his and learned all his secrets in the occult science of magic. Many times I have been appointed on committees to expose the so-called spiritual manifestations of itinerant mediums. In every instance in which I have been thus employed I have believed that all of the pretended spiritual manifestations I have witnessed were frauds. These facts made me a disbeliever in what is called "Modern Spiritualism," and when I visited Cassadaga Lake I presumed that all I would see would be a repetition of old frauds clothed in a new dress.

An intimate friend of mine who is one of the ablest members of our bar, visited Cassadaga Lake in August last; on his return he showed me a slate communication purporting to be addressed to me from one now dead, who in life was very dear to me. My friend related the manner in which he received it. I knew him to be truthful and intelligent, and what he said induced me to visit the Lake. I knew him to be a good lawyer, but unskilled in the feats of legerdemain, and I thought he had been deceived. To detect this deception I made my pilgrimage to this noted Mecca of Spiritualism, and I came away more astonished than was my friend. In brief, my experience was as follows:

On the beautiful grounds of "Lily Dale" I found a concourse of intelligent, thoughtful men and women who seemed to be seeking for the truth only. They were earnest and sincere. The spirit of speculation had not as yet entered their camp ground, except it may be in the forms of numerous mediums whose notices I observed on many of the cottages as I passed along. I saw and heard many things that to my untutored wisdom seemed the very acme of absurd credulity. The evening after my arrival, while seated on

the porch of the hotel, I listened with astonishment to the conversation of numbers of ladies and gentlemen as

"Each told the unco's they had seen and heard."

I wondered that credulity could go so far; I had read your report, gentlemen, and I knew how all the frauds were perpetrated. It is true your testimony was only human, but it was re-enforced by my own experience, and I smiled at the other human testimony I there heard. It did not occur to me that it was just possible that even your wisdom and mine might be at fault, and that we had not seen all that was to be seen on the unknown boundaries of a future world, if such boundaries actually exist. The next day I visited a slate-writing medium.

The room I entered from the street was well-lighted, the windows and doors being open. The medium entered; he recognized a gentleman to whom I had been introduced the afternoon before at the hotel, and who of course had had an opportunity of learning of me and mine, if he had so desired, in view of my probable visit to him. Without taking time to describe all the details of the "séance," I will briefly say, that at his direction I wrote six interrogatories on separate pieces of paper, folded and rolled them up into a small compass and laid them on the table before me—a rude pipe center table with a single board top—no framework about it, no mortises or slots in which to hold the slates, as you describe in your report. I had purchased two slates at a store on the grounds. I marked them and cleaned them myself, and keeping them in my hands, awaited coming events with an incredulity increased from reading your exhaustive report. The medium entered the room, seated himself opposite me at the other side of the table; a number of slate pencils laid on the table, from one of which he broke a piece about the size of a No. 4 shot; I opened the slates, he laid the fragment of pencil on the bottom slate, I covered it with the other, and with my hands grasped the ends of the slates, holding them together. From the pellets of paper on which I had written the interrogatories I selected one, holding it in my right hand. I myself did not know which of the questions I held, and as they had remained as I placed them on the table, closely watched by me all the time, I do not see how it is possible that the medium could have known the question written on the one in my hand. All looked so very silly and absurd that I felt ashamed of my own folly and was only comforted by the thought of how soon I would detect the fraud as you had done, when the denouement came. It came in a few moments, but not as I expected. I held the slates above the table, in open daylight, firmly grasping their ends. The medium reached forth his hand and placed the ends of his fingers under the slate frames, with his thumb above it. I closely watched the *fingers* and *extensors* of his hand. There was no movement. Soon I heard the pencil move between the slates, and distinctly I heard it write. I lowered my head and raised the slates close to my face; I traced the movement of the pencil from my left to right, but from the medium's right to left. The pencil wrote with about the velocity of an ordinary writer. Soon the pencil ceased to move; the medium removed his fingers; I opened the slates and saw a communication on the lower one that nearly covered its surface. I read it; opened the paper in my hand, and the communication was an intelligent answer to that interrogatory; the writing not unlike the familiar hand of the one to whom I had addressed the question and whose name was signed to the communication. On my return home I compared it with the communication given me by my friend, the attorney spoken of—which had been written over a week before. The two were apparently in the same handwriting and purported to be from the same person.

Gentlemen, I was surprised. My boasted skill in legerdemain availed me naught. I had been deceived. My own experience, aided by your report, had told me this could not be done. With yet more care I placed the clean slate below the other, dropped the fragment of pencil in the center covered it with the other slate, took another paper pellet from the table, grasped the slates with determination, the medium being at least five feet from me, and when thus prepared, with my watch-

fulness increased to a point of almost painful intensity, I told him to proceed. Again he took the frame of the slates between his thumb and fingers, and instantly I again heard the pencil write. This time the communication was much shorter than the former one. I opened the slates and saw in a woman's handwriting a communication with a signature appended. I opened the pellet in my hand and the interrogatory therein contained was to the one whose name was written on the slate. Gentlemen of the Commission, how was this done? I do not know; but this I do know, it was not the feat of a magician! There is no professor of the occult science of magic living, no one ever did live that could by virtue of his art alone cause an inanimate fragment of stone to write an intelligent sentence under the circumstances I have narrated. The unlearned might believe that electricity or magnetism was the motive power, and that this was in some mysterious manner evolved from the medium, or from some device concealed either in the room or on his person. But you, gentlemen, know better; you know that a piece of slate pencil is not and can not be affected by magnetism, and besides, if this was possible, as the writing appeared on the inside surface of the slate, and as the medium sat opposite me, he must have written from his right to his left and to him, not only backwards, but *wrong end up*.

Now, gentlemen, you do not believe that this is possible. You think I was deceived; that the slates were changed in my very sight, in open broad daylight. That my grasp unloosened from them without my knowing it; that other slates with the "long communications previously prepared" were substituted, and that I, in the full possession of my senses did not know it. Gentlemen, you are mistaken! My credulity might permit me to believe in ghosts—which it never did—but not that. We must find some other explanation. Perhaps we had better fall back upon that myth of *Reichenbach*, *odiforce*.

The next day I visited two other mediums. With the first I obtained no results. He said he was not well, and after sitting at the table with my slates for a half hour the pencil refused to write. As the fee of the medium always depended on his obtaining a communication, it occurred to me that—as legerdemain always works—as it does not depend upon the nervous condition of the performer, but on surroundings always under his control, that the medium sustained an unnecessary loss. I do not understand why he did not perform and secure his fee. Gentlemen, is it possible that the result is not always under the control of the medium?

If so, then it can not be magic, but must depend upon some unknown natural law. I had purchased two new slates and put a private mark on their frames. With them I visited a third medium. When I arrived at his cottage he was engaged in his room up stairs with two other sitters. While standing in front of and near to his cottage I had a conversation with several gentlemen in relation to your report; possibly the medium might have heard what I said, but probably he did not. I said nothing unkind of you, gentlemen, but stated that "the slate-writing," as you described it, was not as I saw it. That I intended to write you my experience and ask you to investigate farther. I went into the cottage and on the stairs met a gentleman and his wife who had just been engaged with the medium in a seance. They had received a communication written in German, and signed with the name of the father of one of them, who died in Germany twenty years before. They told me that they had held the slates as I have described in my own case. One of the slates was written full, and in German, and I am informed by those who are well acquainted with the medium that he can neither read, write or speak that language. I entered the room. The medium was seated at a common, cheap, pine-top table. If he was in that room while I was talking with the gentleman in front of the cottage he could not have heard what I had said about your commission. I took a seat near the table, holding my slates in my hands. I was determined that this time I would not be deceived, and as you have informed the public in your report how these communications are written, I knew what to expect. I did not have a mirror, as one of your number had when

he saw the medium "write on the slate under the table," but I determined that my slates should not for a moment leave my hand, and they did not. I took four pieces of paper and wrote the names of four persons who were dead. I folded the papers and held them in my left hand. The medium did not see the names—he could not have done so. The medium bit off a small piece of slate pencil and placed it on my lower slate, which I knew was clean at the time, and covered it with the other; next I tied my handkerchief around the slates. Up to this time the medium had not touched them; he was on the opposite side of the table. Then I grasped the slates firmly, holding them against my person. This was in broad daylight; the windows and door of the room were open. I then took one of the slips of paper from my left hand and held it in my right. I did not know the name on the paper I thus held, and the medium could not have known it. He then moved close to the table, reached across it and placed the ends only of his fingers beneath the slate frame and his thumb on top. In an instant the slates began to pull away from me as if the medium was trying to get them into his possession. Warned by your experience, gentlemen, I held on to the slates with all my strength, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I retained possession of them. They were violently jerked from right to left, then toward the medium. All the while I watched his thumb and fingers. They seemed to be holding the slate frames but loosely. I do not know but that the medium could pull more with his thumb and fingers than I could with both hands, but I don't believe it, yet the slates were very nearly wrenched from my hands. I asked the medium what this meant. He replied, "Another influence is present and is trying to take the slates away from the influence of the one whose name you hold in your right hand. He says he is a stranger to you, but that he must and will communicate with you." I replied, "Let him come! I do not care whose ghost it is, only so that it makes the pencil between these slates write an intelligent sentence. A column of the multiplication table will answer my purpose just as well as a communication from a spirit. Let the pencil write!" In a moment the slates quieted down and became motionless, and instantly I heard the pencil commence to write: it was but a moment and all was still. I moved back out of reach of the medium, opened the slates, and there, written in a distinct, business-like hand, was the following communication, which I have had photographed, and with this letter I send a copy to the *Tribune-Republican* for your inspection and use.

Sir: Do all you can to combat the error into which my commissioners have fallen. They were—(this sentence is indistinct) and unskillful.

H. SEYBERT.  
Gentlemen, I do not by any means endorse the sentiment of this communication. I do not believe that you were either "untruthful" or "unfaithful" in your report, but I know you are mistaken in your explanation of the "slate-writing communications."

I have never seen any of Mr. Seybert's handwriting. I do not know that the communication resembles it in the least, neither do I care. What I wish to know is what power moved the pencil? What intelligence directed it? Those familiar with "slate-communications" say that often they come in the exact handwriting of the person whose name is signed to them, yet not always so. That the medium is but, as it were, a "type-writer," moved by spirit fingers, yet affected by other surrounding influences, such as peculiar physical and mental idiosyncrasies and temperaments. It is said that many such communications have been received from those who died in infancy and of course could have had no characteristic handwriting. I know nothing of all this, and can only form an opinion from human evidence—alas! so often fallacious.

That I was astonished at what I saw when I parted the slates is but a faint expression of my emotions. How had I been deceived? I could not believe it possible. It certainly was not in the manner you describe, and you must look farther for the cause than you have in your investigation.

I then placed the clean slate below the other, laid the pencil thereon, covered

(Continued on Third Page.)



[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

(Given by spirit Eona, through the scribe of the Order Mrs. E. S. Fox.)

To the brothers and sisters in earth land, greeting:

Eona rejoices much in the grand privilege which is hers, that of coming earthward to the land of work and toil, the land where dwells the soul of her soul, heart of her heart, who longs to scatter broadcast, through the whole length and breadth of the land, the pearly gems of truth. May the light be seen and acknowledged in each and every heart; may each child of our sacred Order be baptized anew with the love which comes from the realms of the Infinite, and thus blessed be able to transmit the same throughout the whole earth. For angel hearts long to see the light flood this green earth—the glorious light of truth, which alone has power to liberate the children of men from the thralldom with which they are so firmly bound.

To those who have been afflicted, Eona would give words of wisdom that will fall like good seed into the hearts of many others. The hand of death is a hand of love, the fact of death is a glorious fact. In the case of the dear brother, who was seemingly taken amid sorrowful circumstances, the heart of the angel world was interested. He was faithful to do as he could see to do. Saidie's will, but in his physical were conditions of suffering we saw from this side of life could not be healed. Relief might come in many ways, but he must bear, he must suffer.

Loved ones here in the higher realms had his good at heart. Many times his condition and prospects were the topic of counsel and converse. Seeing, knowing he could not again regain his health, that the physical must yield to the ravages of disease, the guides planned for his coming to the higher life. We would free him from every fetter and bid him go free. Wisdom suggested to our minds the only, the best, and the wisest way. He was prepared for his change; only one trouble could perplex and disturb, and that trouble was lovingly held far from his mind, until free and strong he would be able to go and come at will, bringing with him the blessed influences from the higher life, with which to bless and comfort those he must leave, his beloved family. Knowing whence would arise his perplexities, we kept them removed. Hardly knew he the call had come, so sweet and gentle was the voice which bade him "Come up higher." Deep within his soul was a peace naught could disturb; not even the cold waves had any power to cast a ripple upon its surface. His loved ones had obeyed the call of the dearly loved wisdom mother, and it was well. No doubts disturbed his peaceful soul; no fears distracted his giant mind; no trouble pierced his tranquil spirit. But with the words, "It is all right" nestling within his heart, his pathway was made smooth by angel hands. Angel hearts ministered to his spiritual needs, and triumphantly he was taken home. There he met loved ones, who, taking him to a place of rest, bade him sleep for the time and be refreshed. The smile of joy which illumined his face told of happiness within. Not one longing look turned he back upon the scenes of his earth life, although his heart of love beat tenderly for them, for angel hands and angel hearts were ministering to him, and his being was baptized with a flood of light and love. Eona recalls this that her brothers and sisters may know and understand the deep love the angel band bear to those who willingly place themselves under their banner, and the wisdom which plans and executes in your walks of life. Far seeing ones directed, mortals were obedient, and our risen brother, in his exalted condition, shows the proof positive that all was done in love and wisdom.

This is a time of great interest to the dwellers in the higher heavens. Councils have met and still will meet, having for their object the planning of greater good to earth's children. Delegations from the higher spheres of other planets meet with us in our Halls of Light, and to an advanced mind, an unfolded soul, this is a grand time in which to be permitted to pass to a higher life. But, brothers and sisters yet in the mortal, still patiently work, still lovingly dwell in your mortal habitations. For you there yet remain days, months, and even years of your earth pilgrimage. It is well with those who have gone before; it is well with you who tarry, for in your hands is placed the greatest work ever done to bless humanity with light and knowledge. The old time creeds are fading away, as fades the darkness of night before the light of dawning day. Men are unfolding their spiritual nature. They are opening the doors of their understanding, are beginning to reason more and believe less, and this is in consequence of the efforts and teachings of the angel world. Spirits have tried for ages to impress upon the mind of their loved ones thoughts concerning their true state, have stood by the weeping mourner and endeavored to comfort, and yet man has clung to sorrow, has shrouded death with gloom, when it is and should be regarded as a time of transition, a birth into a higher life, a lifting of the veil which divides the two worlds that one may drop the mortal mantle and enter free into the other life.

The soul unfoldment necessary for a

reception into the higher realms is due to the fact that one has met and mastered the lesser good, and unfolded his higher powers through contact with matter; has gained his angelhood by becoming masterful, and is able to demonstrate his heirship to the Infinite by his positive attainments. Eona's word to each brother and sister in the Order is, be true, be faithful, diligent in acquiring wisdom, allow not one blot to sully the purity of your own home banners, and be assured that each coming home will be grand and bright as you are faithful and true. The Order in the heavens in unison with its counterpart in earth land desire to see great good accomplished during the year just before us. Diligent are the spirits in the realm of light and wisdom; be ye diligent as ye work in the mortal. At the center of the universe long we wait their own—long to prove to them through the beautiful language of the spirit that the tie which exists as a part of their being is the true soul-tie, which will still live, as now, ages on ages after this earth has yielded up its life, and given its lifeless dust back to the laboratory of the Infinite, yet on and on our life shall run, and on and on through the countless forever—the unnumbered eternities.

Heart of mine, be ye brave; years of mortal life are as naught compared with the countless ages yet ours. The future! it stretches on and on into the golden realms of home, where we can live, with no shade or darkness, no sad clouds, no disturbing fears, no retracing steps into the land of incarnation, but where the soul can bathe itself in the sunshine of the Father's love. Eona's heart is full of joy and happiness, for, soul of mine, it is glorious to work as we are working; it will be sweet to enter new fields of work on the glorious shore of home. Eona's heart and soul is engaged in this work; her soul is uplifted as she can bear to him, her Eona, the blessings of the better land. Patience, dear one, the valleys are pleasant to walk, when side by side we can do Saidie's work. Think not too much of the "over there," but when weary and sad, stop at the fountain and Eona will hold to thy lips the cup filled with overflowing with the crystal draught which shall cheer and comfort, and give renewed strength for the onward march. We would tarry yet a little longer. There is yet work to do and the work is pleasant; it gives us glad hearts, and makes of life one continual Summer day.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

Oswego, N. Y., October, 1887.

## Mrs. Foye in Chicago.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

A few words from the garden city might not be out of place at the present time, Mr. Editor, and, very seldom reading a communication from here it would seem as if Chicago had passed away into oblivion, as far as Spiritualism is concerned. But we have not, I assure you. Nearly all of the meetings here are prospering, and several of them are crowded every Sunday. Mrs. Ada Foye has created a wide spread interest, which not only aids one society but all. Her explanation of many of the principles of the philosophy and a simplification of its teachings, have won for her the reputation of being a lecturer of ability, as well as a medium endowed with the grandest powers. During three Sunday evenings before the Young People's Progressive Society, she demonstrated her powers to a greater advantage than during her previous engagement. The last evening, especially, did we receive some of the best results. The questions that were answered won for her a hearty applause and the tests were never more satisfactory, not a mistake being made, and upward of forty names being given. The hall contained every night no less than four hundred persons, this being all that could be accommodated with seats. The assemblies consisted of the best classes in the city, and many old Spiritualists, who were once enthusiasts but who now hold aloof from all societies, because of certain reasons unfamiliar to ourselves, were present. The public reception tendered the lady on Friday evening was quite a success, over one hundred and fifty guests being present. The entertainment passed off very pleasantly, as did the social dance at the close. The Young People's Progressive Society will introduce Hon. Giles Stebbins Oct. 9th and 16th, Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, of Baltimore, on the 23d and 30th, Mrs. Ada Foye Nov. 20th and 27th, and the month of December. The Honorable Joel Tiffany, well known as one of the oldest devotees of the cause, conducted the services last Sunday, and gave one of the most interesting and eloquent discourses ever given before the Society. The judge, like all true adherents, desires a higher spirituality within the ranks, a little more reverence and devotion at our meetings, and hence a sweeter communion with our departed. Let us all labor zealously for our cause; give, even if it is so little, for that which will make us all a higher and purer humanity. The young people have made an effort here to establish a society that will aid them in the future, and we trust their efforts will be appreciated by one and all. Inform your readers, Mr. Editor, that Spiritualism is rapidly advancing in Chicago and over the entire community, east, west, north and south. Mostly Truly

A. L. COVERDALE.

## Early Spiritual Experiences.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the early days of Spiritualism, as far back as 1852, I was residing in Springfield, Mass. A young man, W. A. D. Hume, became developed as a medium as suddenly as the old-time Methodists used to get religion. Being naturally a splendid psychological subject, it required but a short time for him to become a reliable and truthful medium. I will give a few specimens of the many interesting communications received from the other side through his organization.

It must be remembered that in those days a Spiritualist was looked upon as little less than a lunatic or a fool. We were a little shy where we held our seances. On the occasion I am about to relate, the young medium and myself called on a friend one pleasant afternoon at his place of business, he being an investigator at the time as well as myself, both wishing to learn all we could about the new phenomena. My friend proposed that we, with the medium, go to his barn and have a seance. We accordingly proceeded thither, where he had a table, a few chairs, and pens, ink, pencils and paper, all prepared. We seated ourselves at the table, my friend at one end, the medium on the side, and myself on the opposite side. He was immediately entranced and a spirit took control. He reached his hand across the table and grasped mine, and after giving it a hearty shake, said to me: "My name is William Spiller. I was a sailor, and I come to you because you have played the mighty deep." [I had made a voyage around Cape Horn in 1849 to San Francisco.] "Years ago I sailed from Norfolk, Va., in the United States ship 'Congress' for a voyage around the world. We went by the way of Cape Horn. Before reaching that part of the voyage I was taken sick, so I was not able to do my duty on board ship, and after passing around Cape Horn I finally succumbed to the disease and was buried at sea in the broad Pacific. After leaving the Cape I wrote a 'Farewell to Cape Horn' in poetry, which, if you desire, I will give you through this medium in writing." I replied that it would be a great pleasure to me to receive it. He accordingly caused the medium to write the following poem:

FAREWELL TO CAPE HORN—BY WM. SPILLER.

Cape of clouds, of hail and thunder,  
Towering o'er a savage sea,  
Let the earth's wide circuit under  
Our departing keel and thee.

On thy scarp the keen hail dances,  
At thy base mad breakers roar,  
'Neath thine eye, the iceberg glances,  
From its steep Antarctic shore.

Ships of oak, with storm-sails riven,  
Through thy plunging combers reel,  
Like the war-horse, backward driven,  
From the serried ranks of steel.

In thy billows' wild commotion,  
In thy seas of tumbling foam,  
Scaly monsters of the ocean  
Share this undisputed home.

Morn in smiles hath ne'er ascended,  
O'er thy summit, stark and drear,  
Day and night are dimly blended  
In this sunless atmosphere.

Cape of clouds, of hail and thunder,  
Sinks the wind as ocean's swell,  
Rallied hoar and chiding wonder,  
Shout to thee their stern farewell.

After giving the poem, he said further: "Could the wave which sepulchers my form bear the windings-sheet of my soul, your solicitude for me might be less, but I have a spirit that will sing in worlds of light, meaning that if there was no immortality that I would not be there at that time giving communication."

He was the most genial and eloquent spirit I ever had the good fortune to meet with, and years after, at almost every seance I attended with this medium, he would announce his presence and have a pleasant greeting for all. I will give one more specimen of his eloquence:

"Man, when frustrated in purpose, rarely, if ever, recovers his courage and force, but Nature instantly moves on again in her exulting strength. What to her are crumbling temples and moldering pyramids, she spreads her verdure over the ruins of man. In her august domain, empires rise and fall with as little sensation as leaves put forth and perish. She hushes the great dirge of human sorrow. All things are hers. All, from the stars that tremble in the blue vault of heaven, to the groves of coral that cover the pavements of the unsounded sea, feel the pulses which throb in her mighty heart. What then, frail man, is thy pride amid these stupendous attributes and achievements of Nature? A bubble that breaks upon the eternal thunders of the deep."

Thinking it would be a pleasure to compare some of the early messages received from the "other side" with those of today, I have written out these selections.

JOHN D. EAGER.

NEW HAVEN, Sept. 12, 1887.

## Query.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Will Mr. Bishop please inform us whose mind it was he read when he duplicated the test that a spiritual medium had just accomplished, that of selecting a certain ballot from a number upon the table, when the whole number (say nine) had been so mixed up that not a normal pres-

ent could put their mind upon the ballot containing the name of one who had passed over the river called death, and oblige an earnest seer after truth under all circumstances?

## Honest Mediums.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

As spiritual mediums are very important agents in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and so much depends upon the truthfulness of their communications, and as so many of them are but partially developed in mediumistic power, and less in moral honesty, and care more for the pay than the truthfulness of their communications, I think it important, in the interest of Spiritualism, that when we find one true in every respect, that we use our best efforts to bring such one to the front so far as lies in our power.

For this reason I wish to relate my recent experience with Mr. W. R. Colby, 656 Mission St., S. F., who I think will stand the test in every particular. Having been confined to the sick room for some months in this hotel, and wishing to know how my spirit friends regarded my situation, and having some knowledge of Mr. Colby, through the agency of others, I being an entire stranger to him, an arrangement was made for him to come to my room on a recent evening at 8 o'clock for a seance in slate writing, his particular phase of mediumship. An hour before he arrived, my wife went out and purchased five school slates, and washed them thoroughly clean preparatory for the answers to the questions which I had written on small slips of paper, some seven or eight in number, which were tightly folded several times over, and placed together on my table. Mr. Colby having no knowledge of their contents, but requested that they should be promiscuously stirred up till I did not know one from another. This precluded any chance for mind reading in the matter. Mr. Colby then requested me to pick up one of the papers in the pile, laying it separate from the others, and place my hand upon it, so as to entirely cover the paper, when he simply placed his own hand on the top of mine for a moment, and then taking up one of the slates in the pile wrote the message or answer to the question, signing the name of the spirit I had addressed in full, and upon examining the paper under my hand it was found to be correct in every particular. This process was continued till all the questions were answered, and the name of each spirit addressed given in full. But the most wonderful phenomenon was with the last two slates at the bottom of the pile, Mr. Colby taking them up both together, with no pencil or instrument whatever between them, with his arm extended above his head in bright gaslight for a moment when three separate messages were given from three of the spirit parties addressed in indelible red writing. One of them a volunteer message for which no question had been asked.

All of this occurred in our own rooms, at our own table, and on our own slates, in full gaslight. Mr. Colby did not handle the slates till he took them up to write the answers to the questions, and then did not look at the slate while writing. In the pellet questions no clue was given as to the relationship between myself and the spirit addressed, yet the names and relationship were given of my mother, a brother, and two sons, all of whom had been long in spirit life, of which Mr. Colby could have known nothing. The apparent honesty of Mr. Colby's mediumship consists in the fact that to those who not satisfied of the genuineness of the answers given to their questions, he makes no charge. Sometimes, however, the conditions which the applicant brings with him are such that no communication can be obtained, as Mr. Colby does not pretend to control spirit powers.

J. B. GREENE,  
of Courtland, Sacramento River.

COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, S. F., Oct. 9th.

"At the spiritualist meeting in Malcolm Hall last night, G. L. Woods, while in a trance, threw Court Stenographer Hitchcock completely in the shade for fast writing. Mr. Woods occupied the high platform at the head of the hall, and wrote in plain sight of every body. He looked and acted as if he had a fit of ague on him, and the way he turned off copy made the reporter's arm ache even to watch the proceeding. Mr. Wood's face, in the meantime, looked like a tempest-tossed sea. He wrote exactly thirty minutes, and at the end of that time there were sixty pages of copy, and on each page one hundred and twenty-five words quite fairly written. This would make seven thousand five hundred words in all, or two hundred and fifty a minute, which is rather more than the most expert stenographer can write shorthand. And this was in longhand, and, though not the best, still quite fair writing. The reporter took pains to examine everything, and he could see no loopholes for a fraud. Curiously enough, Mr. Woods, who is not an educated man, could not, on reading the lecture, pronounce all the words, and had to call for assistance. He will be remembered by St. Paulites as the magnetic bath man who figured in a neat little romance about a year ago. He is quite an expert in spirit letter writing."—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

## Remarkable Materialization.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I feel it not only a "duty" but a pleasure to give my experience through your live paper, the GOLDEN GATE, at a materializing seance, through the mediumship of that much abused and misunderstood medium, Mrs. Elsie Reynolds, whom I have been one to condemn in times past, as I thought she was not honest in her work; but I feel many, like myself, are too hasty in our judgments. Not knowing all the inner workings of the spirits to bring about perfect results.

This evening's experience has made me more fully comprehend why so many seances for materialization are so unsatisfactory. The material of which the circle is composed may be good, bad, or indifferent. From this is drawn the power and elements to create forms. The medium is only a magnet to focalize the forces. It is heart answering back to heart, and a strong desire to again clasp hands with the loved of earth, which brings out the purest and truest. Fortunately this circle was composed of such material; hence so satisfying to all present.

On Sunday evening, Sept. 25th, at San Diego, I attended with a lady who had just come from Chicago, a total stranger to all in the city. The room was about sixteen feet square with bare floors. A black curtain hung across one corner of the room. Twenty persons were present, four ladies in the number. Fourteen spirits came out. Nearly all came half way across the room from the cabinet. A number dematerialized to our view. I only desire to particularize three cases: A spirit of a child came out, a niece of the lady who came with me, and who had brought her up. The spirit met her in the center of the room, talking audibly to her, and gave her many tests of her identity. Another form appeared—that of the lady's mother, who called her by her maiden name, and her pet name. She stayed some minutes, and while in each other's embrace, the spirit seemed to melt from her arms, and passed down, apparently through the floor. This was all in a good light, so we could see each other very well. Then came a dark seance for illuminated forms. A spirit called herself an Egyptian princess showed herself in an illuminated form and robes. Her face and bare arms were of dark color. She came close to us all around the circle. Many shook hands with her. She talked to us all for some minutes, then retired. Her face was extremely handsome.

Then again a light seance was called for. Three more spirits came out, and Effie and Mr. Gruff sang songs for us. Then Effie, the little familiar spirit desired me to come up in front of the curtain and sing the doxology. I did so. Before the first line was finished, the curtain parted, and the spirit of my dear wife (who died twelve years ago) stood before me and sang with me in her same old voice the whole of it complete, so all throughout the room heard her words distinctly. She then dematerialized before me. The next morning the medium was thrown out of the cabinet against me so suddenly I had to catch hold of her to prevent falling. She was fully dressed as when she went in. This was to prove, beyond all cavil, that the forms were not of her person.

I am glad to have the opportunity, at this late date, to testify to her great gift. May she make many hearts rejoice in the knowledge that their loved ones still live to greet them from the "evergreen shore." Yours truly in the cause of truth and justice,

DR. H. M. BAILEY.

EL CAJON, San Diego Co., Cal.

## Testimonial.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I wish, through the GOLDEN GATE, to write a note to my brothers and sisters in relation to a worthy medium. The person in question is Mrs. Dr. Eleanor Martin, of 73 Lane avenue, Columbus, Ohio, who has a card in the GOLDEN GATE. I have tested sister Martin very extensively, and to say that she is fine in her line of answering sealed letters is to put it in a mild way. My experience among mediums has been rather extensive, and I do feel myself competent to judge; so with a sense of pride I point to Eleanor Martin as the best medium I have ever known, and a perfect lady in every sense of the word. I feel proud of her work in the Buckeye state, and can recommend her to those who feel a love for honesty and truth. If you enclosed a "seal" to her, written to your loved ones on the bright side of life, you will get a reply from them, and your seal will be intact when you receive it back to your hands. With brotherly love for all our spiritual family on both sides, I am yours,

S. L. ROGERS.

KINGSVILLE, Ohio, Oct. 1, 1887.

NEVER be discouraged because good things go so slowly here; and never fail daily to do that good which lies next to your hand. Do not hurry, but be diligent. Enter into the sublime view of it. God can afford to wait. Why can not we, since we have him to fall back upon? Let patience have her perfect work, and forth her celestial fruits.



## Open Letter to the Seybert Commission

(Continued from First Page.)

it with the other slate and again grasped them in my hands. I did not see the handkerchief around this time, but held them firmly. I know the slate was clean when I placed the pencil on it. I took every possible precaution. I know the slates were nine, with my private mark on them. I know they were in my grasp all the time. Again I heard the pencil move and heard it write a few words and stop. I opened the slates; found written thereon these words: "Thy true, God bless you," and signed with the name written on the paper in my right hand, and I did not know myself the name I had taken from my left hand until after the communication was made.

Now, gentlemen, I have written you a plain, truthful statement of my experience at Cassadaga Lake. I know I saw what I have stated, and that I have related it as I saw it, but I do not know how it was done. There is no magician living that can do what I saw done, with the aid of his art alone. My experience was but that of one among hundreds still more wonderful, which were related to me by honest, intelligent men and women whose testimony would be conclusive in a cause being tried in any court in our country.

On page eight of your report you say, "the long messages are prepared by the medium before the seance." The short ones, answers to questions asked during the seance, are written under the table with what skill practice can confer. The slate with its message already written must in some way be substituted for one which the sitters know to be clean. The short answers must be written under trying circumstances, out of sight, under the table, with all the motions of the arm or hand concealed."

Gentlemen, you are mistaken. It is not done the way you describe. The slates are not changed; they are not placed under the table. They do not for a moment leave the sight or hand of the sitters, and to all appearance an inanimate fragment of stone performs an intelligent act without the aid of human hands. How is it done? An expectant public awaits your answer.

It is just possible after all that these crude and unsatisfactory manifestations may be faint "footprints on the boundaries of a future world." Is there anything in the philosophy of life or the mysteries of death that denies the possibility of spiritual visitations to this earth? I know that in a history deemed sacred by the Christian world we have the narration of a number of wonderful events which, if true, afford evidence—strong "as proof of holy writ"—that such visitations did occur. The episode in the life of Saul, when he conversed with the spirit of his old friend Samuel; the angel that rolled back the stone from "the tomb;" "the young man clothed in long white garments" that Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of James saw sitting on the right side of the sepulcher; the angel that came to the prison of Peter, broke off his fetters, opened his prison doors, and swung back the iron gates; of the one that visited Paul and Silas while in prison, and the one that talked with Zacharias and with Mary; the voice at the baptism of Christ; the heavenly host singing over the plains of Judea, and the scene at the Mount of Transfiguration, as well as the voice that cried "Saul! Saul! why persecutest thou me?" Although these events occurred long centuries ago, yet in Him who sits on high there is no change. What he has once permitted may again come to pass. If human testimony from the bedside of dying Christians is to be believed, even to-day how often have the pains of death been assuaged by the welcome voices of those that have gone before, while the fluttering of angels' wings has been heard by ears growing dull in death. Why may it not be that in the progress of intellectual development man is approaching nearer and yet nearer to the presence of his Creator, until he may at last hear the whispering voices of the living dead? Surely our revered religion would have nothing to fear from this evidence. It would be an auxiliary to the Christian belief, confirm many a wavering faith, and smooth many a pillow of death. I tell you, gentlemen, there is no comfort in doubts of the future. The life that has no Christian faith in it is cold and cheerless indeed. But all men do not have this faith. That which is evidence to one mind fails to convince another; how priceless then beyond all the wealth of earth. It is that evidence which would demonstrate to doubting minds the fact that the loved ones by whose graves they stand "were not dead, but sleeping."

Now understand me, gentlemen, I do not say that the manifestations I saw came from the spirit world—if there is such a world (?)—but I do say that I do not believe that they were feats of legerdemain. On page 68 of your report you speak of "a very remarkable slate-writing experiment which a Mr. Kellar has performed," etc. I do not know what Mr. Kellar can do, but I do know what he can not do by virtue of his skill as a conjuror, i. e.: He can not make a fragment of stone, placed between two slates which I hold in my hands, write an intelligent sentence. So far I defy him, or any other living magician. He can not perform the experiments I witnessed. If he thinks he can I would be pleased to become the victim of his deception. Let him try! I have

seen nothing in my short and imperfect investigation that demonstrates a spirit-life,—I sincerely wish I had—but I have seen that done which can not be explained by any known law of nature, and in this I am not alone. Scientists, the latchet of whose shoes you and I are unworthy to loose, have seen the like and been unable to explain it, and you, gentlemen, will have to look farther than you can with a "pocket mirror" ere you solve the problem.

Is there such a power as "odid force?" or is it like the Scandinavian god of northern mythology, *Odin*, from which it is supposed the term is derived, a myth, a baseless fabric of a dream that exists only in the imagination of men?

I do not question the fact that you have discovered frauds, as you narrate, yet no science has ever been investigated, no theory of religion developed, but in their path truth and error have walked side by side, yet the footprints of error never obliterated the pathway of truth. Of course there are hundreds of false or spurious manifestations of spirit-life, not alone in so-called Spiritualism, but even the religion of the Christian world has for hundreds of years been tainted with these frauds and deceptions. The minister of our revered religion would have a hopeless task to perform, who, in his advocacy of the truth of the miracles of the Savior, was compelled to combat and explain the hundreds of false miracles that were performed by the priesthood of past centuries. Dr. Isaac Taylor says that, "From the period of the Nineteenth Council and onward, miracles of the most astounding kind were alleged to be wrought from day to day;" and to reason that the falsehood of these pretended miracles tainted with fraud those performed by the Savior is a *non sequitur*—so plain that he is little skilled in logic and has less common sense who does not see it.

Gentlemen of the Seybert Commission: Of course I may have been deceived. I certainly did not have a pocket mirror in my investigations, and perhaps therein lies my weakness; yet, as I held the slates myself,—as they were not out of my grasp for one moment, and certainly not under the table or out of my sight, or in the hands of the medium, I do not see that the looking-glass is an important factor in the solution of the mystery.

Your report, gentlemen, touches a belief dear to thousands. That belief is spreading rapidly. It is not based upon faith alone, but on what its votaries believe to be positive demonstration. Henry Seybert was a firm believer in its truth, and with a generosity that puts to shame much of the bigotry of the world, he made a generous bequest to enable you to thoroughly test its truth. Although he was an ardent believer in Spiritualism, yet he left a large sum of money to cause an investigation which might destroy the very foundations of his cherished belief. He did not leave the thousands of dollars (I do not know how many) to propagate his creed, as many wealthy devotees of the various Christian churches have done; but with the desire only that his fellow-men might know the truth of "all systems of moral religion or philosophy which assumed to represent the truth, and particularly of Modern Spiritualism." No more generous, unselfish act was ever done by philanthropic Christians. No pet creed was to be propagated, no favorite theory to be established, no falsehood to be shielded, but truth, that emanation from the throne of eternal justice, was what he desired you to seek. Gentlemen, have you completed your task? Have you found it? Remember your investigations will affect the happiness of many. Your wit and sarcasm, while it is covert, is to the more cruel. It is pointed at the religious belief of those who need not bend the knee to you in honesty of purpose, conscientiousness of action, or intelligence of opinions. Those who would willingly deceive themselves in so important a matter as "the evidence of a future life;" to them the ground on which you stand is holy ground; in it are gathered all those they loved in life and mourned in death, and a decent respect for the feelings, as well as the opinions of your fellow-men, should silence your wit, smother your sarcasm, and prompt you to perform your duty as becomes thoughtful, earnest, Christian men.

Gentlemen, will you please turn to pages 125, 126, and 127 of your able report. Read them. Do you think they accord with either the dignity or responsibility of your position? It may be that the believers in spiritual manifestations are in error—and I confess that I fear they are—yet until you can explain all the phenomena that attend their seances on the theory of fraud, you are not entitled to a verdict. The frauds you have discovered only go so far as they are concerned. Remember that the daughter of Jairus was raised from the dead, notwithstanding the spurious miracles that were performed during the middle ages.

In conclusion, gentlemen, let me make a suggestion to you: If the so-called independent slate-writing is the work of a conjuror, as you report, can not you find within the broad confines of this earth some professor of magic who can make, through the agency of his art, an inanimate piece of stone write an intelligent sentence on a slate? It is a simple thing to do if legerdemain can do it. Then hire him to explain to the world how it is done—surely your means are ample—you would be but obeying the wishes of the generous dead who gave the money for that purpose, should you so expend a

small portion of the bequest. Let the professor of magic do what the mediums of Cassadaga Lake did in the presence of scores of intelligent men and women, and science will know something not now known to her votaries—or a great fraud will be exposed to the gaze of an amused and credulous public.

Respectfully yours,  
A. B. RICHMOND.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## True Marriage.

BY "C. E. S."

Marriage is an institution supposed to be ordained by God. In its highest idea it undoubtedly is, but as it is carried out in life it partakes so much of the earthy, it loses in the retrospect much of its divine character, and is hardly worthy to be called of God. In the early ages of the world it bore evidence of nothing more than the simple mating of pairs, congenial or otherwise, to suit the wants of nature in the natural condition, and one wife was not always recognized as sufficient in the animal economy generally for the wants of the natural man; hence the wives and concubines—proof to the present generation against the divinity of the Scriptures, which, while forbidding adultery, seem to sanction it in this way. Whilst the human mind is in a constant state of development it gropes in darkness, and finds the light only as it grows in spiritual development, which unfolds its capacity to understand the true laws of life.

The law of marriage, as a fixed law, undoubtedly confines itself to the union of male and female. Two often are two persons joined together, totally regardless of aught but the commonest attraction, which passes as genuine, and too often is found as worthless dress, which defiles the man, and makes of him a deformity in the marital relation. Worse still for the woman. Her nature is spiritual, and approaches the angelic, as she passes from the merely human into the realms where the light of the spiritual unfolds itself to her. The law of unfoldment in her case is more rapid, and when the discovery is made, that the natural marriage does not prove itself of spiritual origin, the work of usurpation commences, and the lower condition, becomes triumphant. Men are endowed with a power of passivity to which women cannot attain. Their soul revolts at the injustice done them in their fruitless desire to live true lives, and as their nature expands, as maternity comes to them, they feel their right to bring into the world their offspring under higher conditions, and their souls shudder at the thought that nothing but the most ordinary animal attraction is lying at the bottom of all their anxiety to produce their kind.

To this fact, in part, may lie the desire, in past ages, for the subjugation of woman. That she has been the victim rather than the companion of man has been well attested. That her nature demands more than man's is certainly evident. Why she has occupied the position of the inferior so long as she has can hardly be answered. That the time is coming, when the woman is to take a higher position in the order of creation may be true, but this time will not begin till the law of spiritual attraction is recognized as the basis of all true marriage. With the higher law at work in both sexes the natural conditions of humanity will become more elevated, and true marriage will result in the development of a race superior to any now in existence. For this we wait and hope.

## A Startling Manifestation.

[F. S. W. in The Better Way.]

I attended a seance given on Wednesday evening at G. A. R. Hall by Mrs. Mott. I went as a skeptic and carried two slates sealed. In one I placed a question which I requested my spirit wife to answer. In the other I asked the spirit of my father to come and sign his full name.

These slates were deposited on a table near the medium. I sat where I had my eyes on them all the time. Mrs. Mott did not move them, but her hand rested upon one. I watched her very closely, and finally asked if she would be kind enough to take my slate next. She replied that she would if she could, but that her hand was badly bruised. Soon the President of the meeting said she could do no more, so my wife was not heard. Upon returning to my seat, however, I opened that in which I had placed the question to my dear wife, and to my great surprise there was a message in it from my father, signed by his full name. How did the writing get there? I cannot tell, but it has given me something to think about. I will, from this time forward, strive to be a better man. I have bad habits—take too much whiskey and play poker too much for my own good. In this message my angel father tells me of things no one on earth but myself knows. If I never receive another, this message will be my guide through life. I bless that good medium for it. It gives me hope, inasmuch as it proves my dear father has been with me to bless and cheer. He will never see me in a dreamshop again.

He who stands up in the dark with a pen, would do the same with a pen-knife, were he equally safe from detection and the law.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## A Spirit Child's Letter.

[Written through private mediumship at St. Paul, Minn., September, 1887, and copied by H. H. Kenyon.]

DEAR GRANDPA:—I am right here close by your side, and want to tell you how nice everything is in my home with mamma Adelaide in the Summer Land, so that little girls and boys may know that we are just the same real girls and boys as before we got sick and went to sleep to wake among so many pretty things in the spirit world. I wish you could see the lovely flowers and everything here, then you would be glad to come here, if you did have to get sick and go to sleep as I did; it is not nice to be sick and cough so hard, but you would forget that when you come here, for you will then be so happy and not have time to remember how bad you felt then. There are a great many in the spirit world to help you be happy and forget your pain there.

I think it is very nice to come and tell you how it is in our home in the spirit world, and "Mamma Adelaide" likes to help me come so I can talk to you. My home is with her and is just as real as my home with my real mamma was before I got a spirit. I have real playthings now and love them just as much as I did those I had before I went to sleep, and came to the spirit world. I do not know just how where these all come from, but if I want anything very much I very soon find them right here in my home with "Mamma Adelaide." I think she can tell where they come from. Little girls and boys come to see me every day or I go to their homes and we have very nice times and a great deal of fun. I do not walk just as you do and do not know why, unless it is because we are spirits, as you call us. We are just like we were before we came here and have as real fun as before.

It is not hard work to get a spirit, for when I got one I only went to sleep, and when I awoke I was here in "Mamma Adelaide's" home and did not cough any more, and have not been sick at all. My real mamma is not a spirit, and when I want to see her "Mamma Adelaide" goes with me where she is, and we carry the sweetest flowers we can find, for my mamma loves them; she does not always see them, but we do always take them because we love flowers very much and they make my real mamma happy because her Edna thinks to bring them to her. They are real flowers and mamma can see them sometimes, but not always.

We love every body here and are happy all the time, but like to go to our real mamma and papa and see them laugh and be glad. I was four years old when I came to the spirit world and am seven years old now, and have had a lovely time all the time, but I love my own mamma just the same and want her to come here and stay all the time, just as my papa has. I want to tell all the little girls and boys that when they get sick and go to sleep, as I did, they will wake up and find such nice things around them, and they will have a spirit and never be sick any more, and will have as many playthings as they want. I have a real live pony, dog, kitty, dollies and a great many playthings. A little boy told me that he did not want a kitty at all, but he had some lovely rabbits, and I do not want rabbits because I love my kitty better. Boys do not always like just what girls do, and may be that is why boys love rabbits. I never get real hungry, and my grandma said I never did before I came here. There is a great deal of fruit here to eat if we do get hungry. I never saw a cook stove here though.

We love to have little girls and boys come from their earth home to our spirit home. We always know when they are coming to us, and we gather flowers and every pretty thing we can find and make every place in our home as lovely as we can; and when the little one opens its eyes and looks around almost scared, we commence to sing, and before we are done it begins to be happy and soon singing with us, and then we have a grand time trying to prevent it from wanting to go back to the old home too soon. We love to see the eyes open wide as though they were going to be frightened, and then we sing and shout for joy and have grand times. My "Mamma Adelaide" calls her home my spirit home, and I will be there when my mamma comes. Then we will have all the little girls and boys I know to help make her happy when she opens her eyes. She won't be scared any, but oh how glad she will be to be with all of us, and we will make every thing ring with our songs.

When we are in your home we see you just as far as before we came away to the spirit world, and sometimes we hear all you say. My grandma and grandpa are coming here when they get all the work done. I go and help them every day so they will get it done quicker, for I am in a hurry for them to come.

If any real sick boy or girl reads this letter I hope they will be glad that I have told them how very nice it is to live in the spirit world, where we do not get sick and have such nice times, and where no one will bother them. Do not be afraid to come, for it is just like going to sleep and waking up among beautiful flowers and lots of laughing children, who will do all they can to make you happy; then you will be glad you came here to live with us. Good-by now. EDNA SQUIRE.

A DOG STORY.—An English writer tells the following: "A family let their house furnished, leaving in it a large dog. The tenant was an old lady who liked to sit in a particularly comfortable chair in the drawing-room; but, as the dog was also very fond of this chair she frequently found him in possession. Being rather afraid of the dog she did not dare to drive him out, and therefore used to go to the window and call, 'Cats!' The dog would then rush to the window and bark, and the lady would take possession of the chair. One day the dog entered the room and found the lady in possession of the chair. He ran to the window and barked excitedly. The lady got up to see what was the matter, and the dog instantly seated himself in the chair."—*Home Religious Herald.*

"WHILE writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' says Mrs. Stowe to a recent interviewer, 'I was filled with an enthusiasm which transfused my being, knew no hindrance, no rival interest, no relief but in writing it. I had young children, was keeping house and teaching school at the time, and never worked so hard; but I had to write. Dinner had to be got, I knew. This had to be written just as much—aye, and more, too. It was as though it was written through me, I only holding the pen. I was lifted off my feet. Satisfied? I never thought about being satisfied. When it was done it was finished and relief came. I never felt the same with anything I afterward wrote.'"

CHRISTIAN equanimity does not consist in the art of concealing our feelings in the presence of others; in the art of smiling while the heart is bursting with suppressed passion; nay, Christianity is something more than mere worldly wisdom; it is deep and soul animating truth. The bright glance of the eye is not to be the effect of art, but the expression of a serene soul.—*Yscholke.*

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

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## GOLDEN GATE.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

## THEY WILL NOT BELIEVE.

Irving Bishop flippantly disposes of the whole subject of phenomenal Spiritualism by declaring it all fraud and jugglery, and that, too, while exercising one of its most wonderful phases. In this conclusion Rev. Horatio Stebbins, Dr. William H. Scudder, and other prominent citizens, are disposed to concur. In fact, the general verdict of the church and the world may be entered up as against the claim of Spiritualists as to the spiritual nature of the phenomena upon which they base their knowledge of a future existence.

And thus is ignored the careful and crucial investigations,—involving, in many instances, years of patient research,—of Dr. Hare, one of America's once most eminent scientists; of Judge Edmonds, one of our ablest jurists; of Robert Dale Owen, a rare thinker and scholar; of Epes Sargent, one of our brightest writers; of Prof. Crooks, Wallace, Varley, Zollner, Flammarion, Hellmuth, and thousands of other scholarly and practical minds, together with all the convincing experiences of millions of good, sensible men and women now living and willing to testify to the grand truth of spirit manifestation and communication.

The superficial investigations of an unfriendly committee (the Seybert Commission), coupled with the assertions of the "mind-reading" Bishop, are accepted as against the most overwhelming testimony to the contrary!

This is to be expected. The stupendous facts of Modern Spiritualism are so at variance with all the deductions of known physical science, and so antipodal to the crystallized thought of the religious world, that a belief therein can only be brought about by individual conviction. The world is full of doubting Thomases. Each one for himself must carefully examine the prints of the nails in the hands and feet of the risen Christ, and thrust his hand into the spear wound in his side, before he can be convinced of the truth.

Elsewhere on this page of the GOLDEN GATE we have given an account of some remarkable manifestations witnessed through the mediumship of a little Oakland girl,—manifestations that have been witnessed by scores of persons who will confirm our statements in every particular. And yet, as against the say so of Irving Bishop, these well attested facts go for naught in the judgment of Drs. Stebbins, Scudder, and the skeptical multitude generally. It is all jugglery!

Eliminate from the question everything like public or professional mediumship, and we have a "cloud of witnesses" in private life all giving evidence of the truth of Spiritualism. There are hundreds of private homes in this city where some phase of mediumship may be witnessed, the mediums often being children of tender years, as in the case of the child medium we have cited.

John Wallace, a brother of Prof. Alfred R. Wallace, a skeptic of the hardest kind concerning all spiritual matters, and who, for years, boasted of his ability to prove all mediums cheats and frauds, took to Fred Evans, a few months ago, a pair of folding slates, which never for a moment left his hands or sight, as the writer, who was present, personally knows. He received, within these slates, two written messages, one signed by the name of his father, and the other by that of a sister. He certified to this fact in our columns. But this amounts to nothing with Irving Bishop, and his admirers!

And so we must wait and work. Truth is immortal and will surely triumph at last.

POPULAR SUNDAY EVENING LECTURES IN CLEVELAND, O.—To raise funds for the establishment of a free spiritual library and reading-room in that city. A course of lectures on Spiritualism has been arranged for this Fall and Winter, embracing some of the very ablest exponents now on the spiritual rostrum. These lectures are designed for the general public, that the masses may become better informed what Spiritualism is, and what it is not. For this reason arrangements have been made with the liberal manager, B. C. Hart, Esq., for the use of his new and comfortable theater, the Columbia, favorably located on Euclid avenue. The course is to be opened on Sunday evening, Oct. 16th, by the Rev. Samuel Watson, of Memphis, Tenn., who also speaks on the 23d and 30th; Mrs. Ada Foye, the distinguished test medium of San Francisco, Nov. 6th and 13th; the scholarly Chas. Dawbarn of New York, Nov. 20th and 27th; and the prince of mediums, J. Frank Baxter, the month of December. Other announcements to follow.

## REVEALED WONDERS.

That spirits are able under suitable conditions, to gather from the atmosphere, and from the aura of certain sensitive, material whereby they may build up, and hold for a short period tangible human forms, more or less identical in appearance with their once earthly forms, is a fact quite as well attested, perhaps, as any other phase of spiritual phenomena. These forms are often mere shadows, but generally they are more or less tangible, and sometimes as completely so as mortal beings.

This latter fact is generally interpreted to the discredit of the medium; hence, it would be better, in the present skeptical condition of the public mind—especially in all promiscuous materializing seances,—if the forms presented possessed as little solidity as possible consistent with their identity or personality.

Prof. Crooks, in his experiments with the medium Florence Cook, extending through a period of about three years—experiments mostly made in his own home—demonstrated the fact of the complete and perfect materialization of the psychic form known as "Katie King." This form was nearly three inches taller than the medium, and was so perfectly embodied as to be able to remain in a strong light from one-half to three-quarters of an hour at a time. It was vivacious, sprightly, affectionate, and comported itself in all respects exactly as might be expected of any modest and well bred young lady. Prof. Crooks certifies to these facts.

But his is only one of hundreds of similar cases. In fact there are but few intelligent Spiritualists of the present day, who have not had convincing evidence, if not of the temporary existence of the complete form, at least of the hand and face, bust, and perhaps other portions thereof.

In the experiment with the child medium referred to elsewhere, the controlling intelligence claimed to materialize the hair of his spirit daughter, a clipping of which was divided among a number of persons present. The balance of the hair dematerialized and returned to the elements whence it was taken, but the clipping remains, straight, black, and coarser than the hair of our own race. It is not to be expected that so marvelous a fact as this will be accepted by any one without the closest scrutiny—such, as we concede, we have not yet been able to give it. The simplicity of this child and the naturalness of her Indian control, coupled with the generally accepted honesty of her parents, must at present lead her case.

The question may well be asked, If a departed spirit may return to earth, take mortal shape and exist as a tangible entity for the space of half an hour, why, with more perfect conditions and larger experience, may it not remain permanently among us? And if the hair clipped from the head of the spirit maiden, as claimed, retains its tangibility, with a better knowledge of spirit chemistry, why may not other articles of use and utility be produced in the same way?

We can only answer that we do not know. The power and capacity of the human spirit, embodied and disembodied, are wholly unknown. What may be done in the future may possibly eclipse all present conception of spirit achievement. That the embodied forms of our spirit friends will yet walk the earth by our sides, and address us from the rostrum, has been promised. What "greater things than these" may follow is beyond all mortal ken.

## DESIGNS.

All persons do not believe in Destiny; but looking over the world and forming conclusions of what we see, know and hear, there comes to all an idea of some power outside of self that tends to make individual life what it is. Some chaste and refined, others vulgar and crude; some symmetrical and pleasing, others angular and censuring; some doing the work of their choice, others the drudgery of a homely life, full of dissatisfaction and repining.

Now, if conditions and circumstances and the general qualities of persons all corresponded with their surroundings and bringing up, we should readily conclude that to be cause enough for all difference; but they do not, save in rare instances. We see many a coarse, vulgar person possessed of wealth, that is supposed to bring all gentleness and refinement of taste and manner. And we see grand men and women, with natural culture, loftiest aspirations and high spiritual endowments, borne down with poverty, hardship, and the most ungenial toil.

While we are all modified to a degree by our conditions they do not change the nature that will show itself under all circumstances; show that each one is a design of Destiny to be wrought out after the pattern in hand.

Did you ever watch the stone-cutter with his chisels and sledge hammer? From the great blocks or columns of granite or marble they strike off, by powerful blows, great angular chips of stone, apparently careless at first they seem to give many a random stroke. But soon the papers before them, with the outlines of the form they are to develop, are looked at frequently, and the strokes are more careful and precise. The work necessary to bring out the fair and perfect forms we see a few days later, has been laborious, requiring great patience and care, though the heavier tools were laid aside for lighter imple-

ments. What are we but stones to be rounded into shape by the great hand of Destiny, who deals some ponderous strokes before we begin to understand that we are not quite free agents. Each one requires a different quality of work, and different tools to break off angularities; but the finishing, the polishing, are alike with all. It is infinite pains, patience and toil that bring us up to the fair forms, pure souls, fit for the mysteries of the inner and eternal life.

## MR. COLVILLE'S LAST SUNDAY'S WORK

On Sunday last, October 8th, harvest festival services were held in Odd Fellows' Hall. The platform was beautifully decorated with flowers and fruit, giving the hall a truly artistic appearance. The music was of the usual excellence; a charming feature was Mme. Bishop's brilliant rendering of "With Verdu Clad," both morning and evening.

W. J. Colville's morning lecture was especially appropriate to harvest-tide. Alluding to the ancient Jewish feast of tabernacles, and to many ancient rites and ceremonies, such as sacrifice and the offering of tithes and first fruits to the Lord in the Temple as an act of religious worship, the lecturer contended that the main object of these offerings was to teach the people to give away of their best,—not their worst. All progressive minds, in every land and age, have agreed that the only acceptable service we can render to the Almighty is one of loving kindness to our brethren. Let us then resolve not to content ourselves with giving away the poorest specimens of our fruits, the meanest quality of food, and well-nigh threadbare garments, but on the other hand make an offering of the very fat of the land to those who need our sympathy and help. If we can give material aid we must not withhold that, and we shall love to distribute of our worldly store if our hearts are truly lighted with the sacred fire of charity, but if our outward circumstances be ever so humble,—though we lack silver and gold, we can all give liberally of what no earthly treasure can procure. More orphans and widows are starving for affection than are in need of creature comforts. Let us give freely of our love to those of our brethren who need, and a rich, abundant harvest of blessing will surely secure for ourselves, if so be that we can forget self in our ministry to others.

Reverting to the old injunctions in the book of Leviticus concerning reaping and gleaning, and the year of jubilee, the speaker took the position that all such merciful commandments were an expression of the purest thought and noblest intellect of ancient days, and argued that if modern agitators, concerning land, would put these ancient laws in force, the present monopolies would be impossible. There are two aspects of law, the moral and the civil. The civil law may sanction many things the moral law forbids; thus moral suasion is our only certain source of power when waging war against iniquity.

The latter portion of the discourse was devoted to a consideration of seed as a type of truth, and of the divinity in man. Many curious and startling results have been obtained with old Egyptian seeds buried in mummy cases for thousands of years. For all that time they have had no chance to sprout, but they have never died; so when planted in fertile earth, carefully tended and watered, to-day they spring up and bear fruit, a symbol of the deathlessness of all truth and spiritual vitality.

Casting bread upon the waters is an allusion to the seed time, for when the Nile had overflowed, the rich alluvial deposits left upon its banks when the waters were subsiding afforded the most fruitful soil, and in this alluvial earth wise agriculturists sowed their seed. We should be discreet as well as zealous in our propaganda, and always endeavor to "strike while the iron is hot," i. e., to lose no favorable opportunity for disseminating spiritual knowledge, but be ever on the lookout for favorable occasions. If, to use a New Testament metaphor, birds of the air convey the seed away from the place where the sower let it drop, birds are often the unconscious planters of vegetation in previously barren fields. It is for us to work and never faint; sow the good seed beside all waters and at all times, and trust to God to give the increase. The farmer can work diligently, but the harvest depends upon weather he can not control. Our influence in spreading the truth is limited; agencies beyond our control results, but if we are faithful and do our best, when the reapers gather in the sheaves, and we are gathered to our fathers, ours will be a reward beyond our highest expectation—even the blessed privilege of rejoicing in that we have scattered blessings far and wide and made happy even those whom we mourned because we could not reach. Earthly effects are no infallible criterion of spiritual ones, as the brighter light of spirit life will prove to all.

In the afternoon questions were answered ably as usual. In the evening, when there was an unusually large and representative audience, intense interest was manifest in W. J. Colville's eloquent inspirational address on "Mind Reading and its Relation to Spiritualism," in which Irving Bishop's statements were eloquently and dispassionately reviewed. The *Examiner* of Monday, Oct. 10th, gives a long and interesting report of this remarkable oration.

On Sunday next, Oct. 16th, W. J. Colville's subjects will be: 10:45 A. M., "Reserved Seats in Heaven—Who Occupies Them, and Why?" 2:45 P. M., Answers to questions. 7:30 P. M., "Conclusive Evidence that Mr. Bishop did not and can not expose Spiritualism—A Candid Review of his most Recent Exhibitions, Showing the invulnerability of the True Spiritualistic Position."

A Boston subscriber, in renewing her subscription to the GOLDEN GATE, says: "It is the 'best spiritual paper' that is published. Having 'been a medium (private) for thirty years I am 'able to judge of what is true Spiritualism, and 'you are one of those who have found the truth.'"

## REMARKABLE MEDIUMISTIC DEVELOPMENT.

Lizzie Plimley, a bright little girl of eleven years, residing with her parents in Oakland, has recently developed remarkable mediumistic powers. Lizzie is a delicate, spirituelle little miss, modest, and, in the presence of strangers, timid and diffident. Her parents are vouched for by us as most worthy and respectable people. No one who knows them could be made to believe they could be induced to lend themselves to any deception. And as for Lizzie, the idea that she could simulate the trance condition and perform the wonders she does, is simply preposterous.

On the 28th of last August, Mr. Plimley, who had then but recently become interested in the subject of Spiritualism, called at the rooms of Mr. Frank Wilson, a developing medium, at 1156 Broadway, Oakland, for magnetic treatment. Mr. Wilson is a hard working man, but possessing excellent magnetizing powers, practices his gifts as occasion offers. Mr. Plimley was accompanied by his little daughter, on the occasion mentioned.

After receiving treatment, Mr. Wilson, thinking that Lizzie would make a good subject for psychic control, asked permission to place his hand over her eyes. The father assented, and in a moment the girl lost consciousness, and soon began to talk in a mixture of Indian and English. From that time to the present she passes readily under spirit influence, her principal control being an Indian maiden who calls herself Minnie, and says she passed away to spirit life at the age of nineteen months, and that she is now fifteen years old.

At times the spirit father of Minnie takes control, and then the medium talks rapidly, in broken English, in a heavy voice, and occasionally with much eloquence, describing conditions in spirit life, and giving expression to thoughts far above her years. At such times, [also, the father performs wonders of physical phenomena, of which we shall speak below. When under the influence of Minnie, who sometimes holds control for three and four hours at a time—the medium's eyes being closed, and occasionally closely blindfolded,—the spirit manifests a disposition to sketch, and for this purpose she is provided with crayons and card-board. Her pictures are mostly crude representations of Indian encampments, with considerably fidelity to nature. She works rapidly, selecting her colors as though with physical eyes. She also makes, at such times, a variety of Indian toys and implements, such as an ingenious Indian girl might be supposed to make.

Most of the above facts were related to us, a few days ago, by the father of the girl, who also invited us to visit Oakland and witness the manifestations. We did so, calling at the rooms of Mr. Wilson, where the exhibition was to take place. We met there some eighteen or twenty friends and neighbors of the parties, and soon Lizzie, accompanied by her father and mother, arrived. We studied the child carefully, both while in her normal and trance conditions, and were satisfied of her simple honesty and ingenuities.

Lizzie seated herself alone at a table in the center of the room, and was immediately entranced by Minnie. With eyes closed she at once commenced her sketching, keeping up a constant talking, in mixed English and Indian jargon, with different persons present, concerning her work and other matters. Her talk was sensible and easily understood. In less than an hour she completed three rough landscapes, about fourteen by twenty inches in size, one of which she presented to the writer.

Now came a promised test in materialization, which, it given through any one but a child, most persons would hesitate to believe possible. The father of Minnie took control and directed that one corner of the room be vacated, with no person nearer than six or eight feet; he was about to give us a look of his daughter's hair. A pair of scissors was then placed in Lizzie's hands, while she kept up a constant chatter of what seemed to be Indian, with enough English to be understood. She went to the corner of the room, standing with her face to the wall; the light was lowered a little, and all were directed to remain quiet for a few moments. Soon the clipping of the scissors was heard, and with many exclamations of satisfaction, and shuddering as though worked upon by a powerful influence, she turned and presented us with a handful of straight, black hair. (The medium's hair is light brown.) When first taken in the hand this hair was hot, as though just taken from an oven. We were assured that this manifestation had been given on several former occasions.

The same influence, speaking through the lips of the child, then delivered a short but truly eloquent address on the condition of the suicide in spirit-life, and the necessity of right living here in order to secure true happiness hereafter. Several tests were given during the evening by Minnie. On coming to consciousness the child could remember nothing, and seemed as though just waking from a sound sleep.

The parents of this child should take great care of her. She should be surrounded only by the most harmonious influences, and not allowed to sit in public circles. Her Indian maiden control seems to bring to her a perfectly healthful and congenial influence, which will doubtless strengthen and greatly assist her physically. There is danger, however, of overtaxing her powers. What she needs now is proper physical and spiritual development. If carefully handled we doubt not she will become a medium of wonderful power.

There is a disagreeable ghost of a rumor floating around, that the withdrawal of a three hundred thousand-dollar gift by Miss Caldwell, a friend of Dr. McGlynn, is causing a change of the avowed sentiment against the ex-communicated priest, among high churchmen, including Cardinal Gibbons. The gift of Miss Caldwell was for the establishment of a Catholic University at Washington. We can credit the withdrawal of the gift, for it seemed the only means by which Miss Caldwell could avenge her injured friend in the eyes of the world; but that such minds as Cardinal Gibbons should be falsely swayed by the glitter of a few paltry thousands, in opposition to the voice of conscience and the soul, sounds too much like a spiteful report to be credited, and so we set it down until further informed.

## A REMARKABLE YOUNG MEDIUM.

Miss Mittie Stevens, a bright, intelligent young girl, aged thirteen, who resides with her parents in Gilroy, California, has, within the last few months, developed a remarkable phase of mediumship. The parents are most worthy people, naturally religious, and who would shrink with horror from any thought of deception in so sacred a matter as that of spirit existence and communion.

In sitting for their own development it was soon found that the child, Mittie, possessed, fine mediumistic powers, which have gradually been unfolded until now, with favorable conditions, the most astonishing manifestations are witnessed in her person and presence. Doors are opened in closed without the touch of mortal hands, and objects are moved and sounds produced by an invisible intelligent power that is ever present in the family.

But the most interesting phase of Mittie's mediumship is the production upon her arms of written messages and pictures in various colors—pictures of faces and forms of those who have passed to the other side of life. These faces, in a delicate lavender color, often remain on the arm for a day or more before disappearing.

A coarse and vulgar allusion to these phenomena, with a brutal intimation of fraud on the part of those concerned, appearing in a recent issue of the *Gilroy Advocate*, has caused the parents much pain. The article referred to could have emanated only from a very low and base nature, hence is wholly unworthy of their notice.

They have held no seances for pay, but only for honest research, and in the presence of friends, or those whom they supposed would be interested in such wonders. But the time may come when they will be compelled, in the pursuance of the work in which the spirits are evidently fitting this grand young medium, to accept such remuneration for her services as may be proper for her support.

GOOD TASTE.—Any opinion on matters of dress, expressed by persons of note, is always interesting; but we believe the world has never been honored before by so high an authority as the Pope, who lately gave his decision on colors most suitable for young women. The prospective marriage of his niece, Mary Pecci, and the selection of her dress for the event, is the occasion that led to the disclosure of the Holy Father's good taste. Through his secretary the Pope sent a letter to the young lady, expressing the desire that her choice of colors be confined to three—blue, black and white, which colors he deems most becoming to young persons, assigning gray and brown to old ladies, and disallowing all others. Few will deny the Pope's good taste in this respect. Black is certainly the color for the street and public occasions, while for the home nothing is more pretty or modest than blue or white. The last all may wear becomingly, and there is no complexion that will not harmonize with some shade of blue. For those of small means a fatal mistake is made in wearing too many colors. They make one conspicuous, and give a false impression of fickleness, very often. There is that in dress by which all are more or less judged, for truly it is supposed to represent the quality of the mind.

THEIR HISTORY.—Relic hunters especially fond of Indian workmanship should lose no time in visiting Wilkes county, Georgia. A recent freshet that flooded Little River, washed down, over surrounding areas, a perfect bonanza of fine arrow and spear heads, stone tomahawks, maces, battle-axes, and all those instruments that mark the crude genius of the aborigines, the descendants of whom are so fast passing away. The Pima tribe, however, propose to leave behind them something more interesting than rude forms. It is said a youth from each generation is educated and instructed in all the legendary lore of his people, the first passing it down to others without omission or variation in the least, for many hundreds of years. This, at last, will doubtless be given through an interpreter to the pale faces, who will be surprised at the similarity of ideas, superstitions, customs and beliefs, to those entertained by themselves. Ignorance of each other is the main point of difference between those at enmity or warfare. Knowledge is a great reconciler, and it shows all races to be possessed of something akin to the highest, which needs but awakening to grow into that which commands respect and honor.

SELF.—Self-confidence is at once an essential and a dangerous quality to possess, inasmuch as it is too often found to precede knowledge. It is safe to say that he or she who has never felt self-distrust, has no perception of the deficiencies that only obtain completion through the clearest views of individual imperfections. Humility is the first and sure sign of a right understanding and estimation of self-attainments. When we can see how much we truly know, we also know how little, and thus we learn to reflect, and from reflection we at last learn to think and formulate those thoughts that may elevate as well as comfort our fellows. When we can separate error from right, and gain wisdom from past ignorance, we have an alchemy that will convert suffering into strength, wisdom into folly, and dress into gold. When we have gained the power to do this, then may we safely entertain self-confidence, for it can never more deceive one who has first become acquainted with self. We have gained an eminence from which we can overlook it and see both its worth and its danger, know when and how far to trust it.



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## A Ghostly Palace.

[St. Louis Globe Democrat.]

Many have been the hints and queer stories given out about the Alexander T. Stewart mansion, or rather palace, situated at the corner of Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street. It has the name of uncanny associations, but beyond that the real story of its ghostly occupants has been successfully kept quiet. A servant of the late Mrs. Stewart tells the following story, which is so remarkable that your correspondent, to whom it was told with bated breath, feeling it will prove of interest to the *Globe-Democrat* readers, here gives it for what it is, as coming from a servant, is worth. The servant is a respectable person, whose veracity may be relied on. She says she saw some of the events spoken of with her own eyes.

Several years ago, a few nights before the body of A. T. Stewart was taken from its grave, Mrs. Stewart was sitting alone in her boudoir. It was late at night. She was awaiting the return of her niece, Miss Smith, who was paying her a visit at the time. She had dismissed her attendants, and was prepared to retire as soon as her niece should return from an evening entertainment. The light was turned low, as Mrs. Stewart was always economical, and was saving gas. In a large upholstered chair, looking into the shadows that played about the elaborate furnishing of the apartment, sat Mrs. Stewart. She was indulging in one of those reveries, evidently, that are common to all aged persons. Suddenly a creaking like the movement of a door, and afterward several firm footfalls attracted her attention. She did not arise or look around at once, as she was expecting her niece, and thought the person who had entered certainly must be that young lady. A few minutes passed, and, as there was no further sound, Mrs. Stewart arose from her chair and looked around toward the door. A few steps from the door stood a man, rather tall, but so in the shadow that she could not see his features plainly. She at once thought he must be one of her servants, and was about to reproach him for intruding, when he moved toward her. Then she appreciated that he was no earthly visitant, for, as he passed a mirror, she could distinctly see the reflection of herself and the light through his body. When within a few feet of her he stood still, pointed several times with his arm toward the south, and seemed to be trying by signs to communicate something. Then he folded his arms and looked at her. She dropped on a sofa utterly terrified and unconscious. Meanwhile her niece entered and found her in this condition, the ghostly visitant having disappeared without being observed by Miss Smith, who, when she heard the story, was inclined to think of robbers. Some of the servants were called and told about the matter. Diligent search was made of the whole house, but no trace of the intruder discovered. When a few days after this occurrence the grave of Mr. Stewart was robbed, Mrs. Stewart, though not a superstitious woman, naturally felt that the ghostly visitor had come to warn her of the coming evil.

Since that time queer noises have constantly been heard within the walls of the Stewart palace. Footsteps in the splendid art gallery, clanking as of trowels and chisels, as though a gang of masons were at work at the grand marble walls, was one of the most noticeable sounds. At first Mrs. Stewart became very nervous from the occurrence of these sounds so persistently, but at length became accustomed to them. Great pains were taken to keep the matter silent, as it was feared that the value of the house would be compromised by a ghostly reputation, but in select circles people looked knowingly at each other when the Stewart mansion was mentioned.

After Mrs. Stewart's death none of the heirs were willing to live in the white marble palace, not even Judge Hilton, whose nerves can scarcely be affected easily. The executors tried to sell the property to the New York Club, and were willing to take far less than its value, but for some reason negotiations were suddenly broken off, and since nothing has been done in regard to the most splendid private mansion on earth. Perhaps the clubmen heard the ghost story. The servant who narrated the above story said that the Stewart family, or Mrs. Stewart at least, were aware of the ghost.

The following facts pointed to the individuality of the person: Mr. Stewart, as is well known, made a contract for the material of which the house is built just before the war. The contract was based on the prices prevailing at the time. When the war came the price of labor arose and it was impossible for the contractor to fill his contract without ruin to himself and family. He went to Mr. Stewart, stated these facts, and asked to have the contract annulled and a new one substituted. Mr. Stewart refused to know him any more, and the house was therefore built at the contractor's ruin. Soon after its completion the poor fellow died, leaving his family destitute. In this dilemma his wife went to Mr. Stewart and asked a small return for money her husband had lost in building his house. She wanted \$5,000, it is said, or less than one hour's value of Mr. Stewart's income, but the latter refused, saying, "Your husband made the contract and he had to fulfill it." After this she is said to have appealed to Mrs. Stewart,

who referred her back to Mr. Stewart. She once more called on the latter, but with a like result. Then she cursed him, and swore she would haunt his house when she died, and that he never should have any health while in it. Strangely enough her prophecy proved true; he never had any good health from that day until his death, and was always ailing while living in the marble palace. The ghost seen by Mrs. Stewart is said to be that of the contractor.

## Explanation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In relating some of the interesting manifestations of spirit power that have taken place in my home, I did not think it necessary to give any family history in order to make myself understood; but for the enlightenment of our friend, Henry Waters, and others who may have discovered "a seeming inconsistency" in the communication mentioned, I will state that the medium is not the *infant son*, but an older son by my first wife.

My object in writing was to show how I became so thoroughly convinced of the claims of Spiritualism, and also in hopes that it might call out the experiences of other witnesses of the phenomena; for, without the *physical manifestations*, all the arguments that have ever been advanced in favor of an immortality beyond the grave would have no weight with me. I might have hoped that there would be an existence hereafter, but there would have been no *belief or knowledge* concerning it.

I am truly glad that Mr. Waters has become a firm believer in the truths of Spiritualism, notwithstanding he has never seen any of its phenomena. I could not have been convinced otherwise. I am also glad that he has the courage to let it be known to the world at large; and is not afraid to "show his colors." I can assure him it requires a good deal of moral courage to talk Spiritualism in this benighted part of California. Many believe it but dare not own it lest it "hurt their business."

The manifestations that have taken place with us have convinced some of the strongest skeptics that there must be an existence outside of this life. What is most satisfactory about them, they take place under conditions where there is no possibility of fraud, even if the medium so desired; notwithstanding the Seybert Commission decided that all mediums were frauds. Most respectfully,

M. WHITFORD.

SANTA MARIA, Sept. 28, 1887.

A PHILOSOPHER.—When Harvey's book on the circulation of the blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice. It was believed by the vulgar that he was cracked; and all the physicians were against him. After describing how much abuse he had suffered, Harvey says: "But I think it a thing unworthy of a philosopher and searcher of the truth to return bad words for bad words; and I think I shall do better and more advised, if, with the light of true and evident observations, I shall weave away these symptoms of illness."—*W. R. Alger.*

A VERY vain woman, who has lately been converted to Catholicism, went to her confessor, and began: "Is it a sin for me to take pleasure in people calling me beautiful?" "Yes, my child," was the answer of the wily priest, "it is certainly wrong to encourage any one to tell a falsehood!"

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